

Prophecy Countdown 2000 — The Hopi Elders —

The North American Hopi Elders correctly foretold white man's invasion of their lands in a series of predictions.

The truth of their final Fifth World prophecy could soon be revealed.

Extracted from the book
ROLLING THUNDER:
The Coming Earth Changes
by J. R. Jochmans

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THE STORY OF THE OLD INDIAN

On a blistering hot summer day in 1958, a minister named David Young was driving along a highway that stretched through desert country, not far from Taos, New Mexico. Toward noon, he saw an elderly Indian walking on the road's gravel shoulder, and knowing he must be suffering from the heat, Young stopped and asked him if he would like a ride to the next town. The old man nodded, and got in.

For several minutes the Indian said nothing, but then he finally spoke: "I am White Feather, a Hopi of the ancient Bear Clan. In my long life I have travelled through this land, seeking my brothers, and learning from them many things of wisdom. I have followed the sacred paths to my people, who inhabit the forests and many lakes in the east, the land of ice and long nights in the north, the mountains and streams of jumping fish in the west, and the place of holy altars of stone built long ago by my brothers' fathers in the south. From all these I have heard the stories of the past, and the prophecies of the future. Today, many of the prophecies have turned to stories, and few are left: the past grows longer, and the future grows shorter.

"And now White Feather is dying. His sons have all joined his ancestors, and soon he too shall be with them. But there is no one left, no one to recite and pass on the ancient wisdom to. My people have tired of the old ways: the great ceremonies which tell of our origins, of our emergence into the Fourth World, are almost all abandoned, forgotten. Yet even this has been foretold. The time grows short."

The old Indian fell silent again, but after a minute spoke once more: "My people await Pahana, the lost white brother, as do all our brothers in the land. He will not be like the white men we know now, who are cruel and greedy. We were told of their coming long ago. But still we await Pahana.

"He will bring with him the symbols, and the missing piece of that sacred tablet now kept by the elders, given to him when he left, that shall be restored to the tablet and make it whole. This shall identify him as our true white brother."

Turning to Young, he said: "You are much like Pahana, and not like other white men. You stopped to give an old man a ride, to lighten his burden. That is the way of Pahana. He will come soon, for the prophecies are nearly done."

Resting a moment, the Indian found his breath, and then continued: "The Fourth World shall end soon, and the Fifth World will begin. This the elders everywhere know. The Signs over many years have been fulfilled, and so few are left.

"This is the First Sign: We were told of the coming of white-skinned men, like Pahana, but not living like Pahana—men who took the land that was not theirs. And men who struck their enemies with thunder." Young later realised this is how the Indian prophets would have described gunpowder.

"This is the Second Sign: Our lands will see the coming of spinning wheels of wood filled with voices. In his youth, my father saw this prophecy come true with his eyes—the white men bringing their families in wagons across the prairies.

"This is the Third Sign: A strange beast, like a buffalo, but with great long horns will overrun the land in large numbers. These White Feather himself saw with his eyes—the coming of the white man's cattle.

"This is the Fourth Sign: The prairie will be crossed by snakes of iron...." At that moment, Young slowed his car to drive over a railroad crossing—and this time it was his own eyes, looking down miles of winding track, that saw how the prophecy had been fulfilled.

"This is the Fifth Sign: The land shall be criss-crossed by a giant spider's web." The Indian stopped, and glanced for a second upward at the telephone and electric lines that flashed past alongside the highway.

"This is the Sixth Sign: The land shall be criss-crossed with rivers of stone that make pictures in the sun." The Indian paused again to let Young puzzle over the meaning of his words. Suddenly, he understood, for he was seeing it right in front of him: The concrete road stretched ahead, and in the distance, the shimmering heat waves produced a mirage, an image of the road itself just above the surface. The Indian nodded and went on.

"This is the Seventh Sign—and it is the first that is yet to come: You will hear of the sea turning black, and many living things dying because of it.

"This is the Eighth Sign: You will see many youth, who will wear their hair long like my people, come and join the tribal nations to learn of their ways and wisdom.

"And this is the Ninth and last Sign: You will hear of a dwelling-house in the heavens, above the Earth, that shall fall with a great crash. It will appear as a Blue Star. Very soon after this, the ceremonies of my people will cease.

"These are the Signs that great destruction is coming. The

world shall rock to and fro. The white men will battle against other peoples in other lands—with those who possessed the first light of wisdom. Terrible will be the result. There will be many columns of smoke and fire such as White Feather has seen the white man make in the deserts not far from here." Young immediately knew he meant the atomic bomb tests. "Only those which come will cause disease and a great dying. Many of my people, understanding the prophecies, shall be safe. Those who stay and live in the places of my people shall also be safe. There will then be much to rebuild. And soon—very soon afterward—Pahana will return. He will bring with him the dawn of the Fifth World. He shall plant the seeds of his wisdom in their hearts. Even now the seeds are being planted. These shall smooth the way to the Emergence, into the Fifth World.

"But White Feather shall not see it. I am old and dying. You—perhaps you will see it. In time, in time..."

The old Indian's voice faded, and then went silent. They had arrived at his destination, and he pointed to the corner where he wanted to get off. Young stopped the car, let the old Indian out, and watched him slowly disappear down the street. Then Young continued on his trip—he never saw the old man again.

PROPHECY COUNTDOWN 2000

... Mother Shipton's Prophecies ...

This rare collection of Mother Shipton's prophecies was sent to us by a NEXUS reader who told us that, thirty years ago, she painstakingly transcribed them and managed to smuggle them out of the Mitchell Library, Sydney (now the State Library of New South Wales). The originals were kept in a locked room, along with many other volumes of prophetic writings deemed unsuitable for viewing by the general public.

To our knowledge, this particular translation has never been made available to the public before appearing in NEXUS. While NEXUS published these transcriptions in an early issue (vol2#3), we thought them worthy of repeating for the benefit of our newer readers, particularly in the light of recent world events.

Mother Shipton reputedly was born Ursula Sontheil in 1488 in Norfolk, England, and died in 1561. She exhibited prophetic and psychic abilities from an early age. At 24, married to Toby Shipton, she eventually became known as Mother Shipton. Many of her visions came true within her own lifetime and in subsequent centuries. These rare verses from Mother Shipton seem to have prophetic indications for our times, but of course are open to interpretation.

A carriage without horse will go
Disaster fill the world with woe.
In London, Primrose Hill shall be
In centre hold a Bishop's See

Around the world men's thoughts will fly
Quick as the twinkling of an eye.
And water shall great wonders do
How strange. And yet it shall come true.

Through towering hills proud men shall ride
No horse or ass move by his side.
Beneath the water, men shall walk
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall even talk
And in the air men shall be seen
In white and black and even green.

A great man then, shall come and go
For prophecy declares it so.

In water, iron then shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be seen in stream and stone
In land that is yet unknown.

And England shall admit a Jew
You think this strange, but it is true.
The Jew that once was held in scorn
Shall of a Christian then be born.

A house of glass shall come to pass
In England. But Alas, alas
A war will follow with the work
Where dwells the Pagan and the Turk.

These states will lock in fiercest strife
And seek to take each other's life.
When north shall thus divide the south
And Eagle build in Lion's mouth
Then tax and blood and cruel war
Shall come to every humble door.

Three times shall lovely sunny France
Be led to play a bloody dance
Before the people shall be free
Three tyrant rulers shall she see.

Three rulers in succession be
Each springs from different dynasty.
Then when the fiercest strife is done
England and France shall be as one.

The British olive shall next then twine
In marriage with a German vine.
Men walk beneath and over streams
Fulfilled shall be their wondrous dreams.

For in those wondrous far-off days
The women shall adopt a craze
To dress like men, and trousers wear
And to cut off their locks of hair.
They'll ride astride with brazen brow
As witches do on broomstick now.

And roaring monsters with man atop
Does seem to eat the verdant crop
And men shall fly as birds do now
And give away the horse and plough.

There'll be a sign for all to see
Be sure that it will certain be.
Then love shall die and marriage cease
And nations wane as babes decrease.

And wives shall fondle cats and dogs
And men live much the same as hogs.

In nineteen hundred and twenty six
Build houses light of straw and sticks.
For then shall mighty wars be planned
And fire and sword shall sweep the land.

When pictures seem alive with movements
free
When boats like fishes swim beneath the sea
When men like birds shall scour the sky
Then half the world, deep drenched in blood
shall die.

For those who live the century through
In fear and trembling this shall do.
Flee to the mountains and the dens
To bog and forest and wild fens.

For storms will rage and oceans roar
When Gabriel stands on sea and shore
And as he blows his wondrous horn
Old worlds die and new be born.

A fiery Dragon will cross the sky
Six times before this Earth shall die
Mankind will tremble and frightened be
For the sixth heralds in this prophecy.

For seven days and seven nights
Man will watch this awesome sight.
The tides will rise beyond their ken
To bite away the shores, and then
The mountains will begin to roar
And earthquakes split the plain to shore.

And flooding waters, rushing in
Will flood the lands with such a din
That mankind cowers in muddy fen
And snarls about his fellow men.

He bares his teeth and fights and kills
And secrets food in secret hills
And ugly in his fear, he lies
To kill marauders, thieves and spies.

Man flees in terror from the floods
And kills, and rapes and lies in blood
And spilling blood by mankind's hands
Will stain and bitter many lands.

And when the Dragon's tail is gone
Man forgets, and smiles, and carries on
To apply himself—too late, too late
For mankind has earned deserved fate.

His masked smile, his false grandeur
Will serve the Gods their anger stir.
And they will send the Dragon back
To light the sky—his tail will crack
Upon the Earth and rend the Earth
And man shall flee, King, Lord, and serf.

But slowly they are routed out
To seek diminishing water spout
And men will die of thirst before
The oceans rise to mount the shore.
And lands will crack and rend anew
You think it strange. It will come true.

And in some far-off distant land
Some men—oh such a tiny band
Will have to leave their solid mount
And span the Earth, those few to count

Who survives this [unreadable] and then
Begin the human race again.
But not on land already there
But on ocean beds, stark, dry and bare.

Not every soul on Earth will die
As the Dragon's tail goes sweeping by.
Not every land on Earth will sink
But these will wallow in stench and stink
Of rotting bodies of beast and man
Of vegetation crisped on land.

But the land that rises from the sea
Will be dry and clean and soft and free
Of mankind's dirt and therefore be
The source of man's new dynasty.
And those that live will ever fear
The Dragon's tail for many year
But time erases memory
You think it strange. But it will be.

And before the race is built anew
A silver serpent comes to view
And spew out men of like unknown
To mingle with the Earth now grown
Cold from its heat, and these men can
Enlighten the minds of future man
To intermingle and show them how
To live and love and thus endow
The children with the second sight.
A natural thing so that they might
Grow graceful, humble, and when they do
The Golden Age will start anew.

The Dragon's tail is but a sign
For mankind's fall and man's decline.
And before this prophecy is done
I shall be burned at the stake, at one
My body singed and my soul set free
You think I utter blasphemy
You're wrong. These things have come to me
This prophecy will come to be.

These verses were on the outer wrapping of the scrolls:

*I know I go, I know I'm free
I know that this will come to be.
Secreted this, for this will be
Found by later dynasty.*

*A dairy maid, a bonny lass
Shall kick this tome as she does pass
And five generations she shall breed
Before one male child does learn to read.*

*This is then held year by year
Till an iron monster trembling fear
Eats parchment, words and quill and ink
And mankind is given time to think.*

*And only when this comes to be
Will mankind read this prophecy
But one man's sweet's another's bane
So I shall not have burned in vain.*

— Mother Shipton

The following verses were found on a scroll in a separate jar.
They appear to have been written at the same time as the verses above.

The signs will be there for all to read; When man shall do most heinous deed

Man will ruin kinder lives; By taking them as to their wives.

And murder foul and brutal deed; When man will only think of greed.
And man shall walk as if asleep; He does not look—he many not peep
And iron men the tail shall do; And iron cart and carriage too.

The kings shall false promise make; And talk just for talking's sake
And nations plan horrific war; The like as never seen before
And taxes rise and lively down; And nations wear perpetual frown.

Yet greater sign there be to see; As man nears latter century.

Three sleeping mountains gather breath; And spew out mud, and ice and death.

And earthquakes swallow town and town; In lands as yet to me unknown.

And Christian one fights Christian two; And nations sigh, yet nothing do
And yellow men great power gain; From mighty bear with whom they've lain.

These mighty tyrants will fail to do; They fail to split the world in two.
But from their acts a danger bred; An ague, leaving many dead.

And physics find no remedy; For this is worse than leprosy.

Oh many signs for all to see; The truth of this true prophecy.

(Editor's Note: There are many lines here that unfortunately describe our twentieth century. Some of the thoughts that come to mind: "Christian one fights Christian two" could describe the ongoing conflict between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland; an "ague" is an illness or great sickness; the "yellow men" could be interpreted by many as the Chinese or Japanese; and the "mighty bear" could well be Russia.)